

SPIRITUAL OPPRESSION POEMS

By

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MY BRAIN IS LIKE A GHOST BOX

Every morning
When I first hear the birds
I hear them clearly
But then the focus gets blurred
Like grey paint splattering
A quaint impressionist scene
And then into my head
The sharp fragments of white noise.....
Are beamed

Like audio guillotines
Slicing off
My connection to the world
And how I knew it once sounded

They strafe.....they spin
They leave my brain a quagmire
Of voices.....all kinds of voices
Some horrible voices
Some claim to be demons.....Lucifer
Aliens.....gnomes.....hobgoblins
You name it
A thousand ancient scrolls
Put into a blender
And poured into my mind

This isn't a dream
At least I don't believe it is
I can't wake up from it
It's there every day
Like dynamite
Blowing the bridge
That I used to go over
Every morning
To my quiet.....casual.....
Normal sounding world
I can't get there any more
They blew it to smithereens

I'm not even sure if it's there anymore
On the other side of that deep chasm
Of the dark night
And if it's still there
It's only in memory
And those to are getting torn and shredded
With voices and all that audio shrapnel

Is this possession?
Is this oppression?
Perhaps it's those
Or something in between

My ears
They're like some radio receiver
To somewhere.....some other side
Someplace.....something that's out there
I keep picking up these signals.....these voices
Sometimes they've got something to say
Occasionally I find a spark of meaning in them
A spark of hope
But other times there's not much there at all
These other voices can shroud the sky in darkness
Their words are like poison darts
Like daggers.....like arrows
Shot from some mysterious unknown
That lurks in the shadows

But I'll soldier on
Becoming numb.....that's one side effect
I'll walk right through and over
All that white noise.....all those voices
And in the end
A voice is just a voice
And if I choose to believe it
Or not to believe it
That's up to me
It's still one freedom I've got.....it's still my choice

VOICES SOUNDING OFF LIKE A RAGTIME BAND

**Voices sounding off
Like a ragtime band
With LSD pumped
Into their mouths**

**Another morning
Shot down**

**It's no big loss though
It's cold and the sky is grey**

**I hear them now
Talking.....talking.....
Always talking
From some realm.....somewhere**

**They could be someplace far
But I don't think so
I think they are right here**

**Talking.....talking
Making small seismic rifts
In my ears**

**Blasting drivel
From rainy streets
And bleak alleys
Where the world seems to end**

**I think they are talking
From astral recording studios
Vaporized.....
And resurrected again**

**Their latest CD
Will be out in a month
I won't buy it though**

So here goes the morning

**Drifting
Into its final descent**

**No way I heard
What I thought I heard.....just now
But I did**

**It's like you're never alone anymore
It's a drag
And a bottle
In a brown paper bag
Tucked into your coat pocket
Won't fix it
For very long**

**That liquid numbness
Won't last**

**You need to rise
And overcome**

**You need to stand proud
Like a samurai**

**Night will fall upon us soon
And the voices
Will come out of their shadows
Even more**

**They'll drop
High precision ordinance
Of vertigo noise
Upon my head**

**I'll withstand it
While I can**

**And then I'll pull
The escape hatch lever
Of over the counter
Sleep-aid parachute**

**Drifting down quietly
Into a dreamland mirage
Of knocked out bliss**

I DON'T NEED TO COUNT THEM ANYMORE

**They have stolen my morning
These audio storm troops
The streets are quiet
Desolate
But this morning
My mind is a proving ground
For audio experiments**

**One shadow
Two shadow
Three shadow
....four**

**They never use the door
They go through walls
And blitzkrieg the psyche**

What is it all for?

**World domination
They have proclaimed**

**“cant’ you see
We’re already in control”
They’ll say**

**One shadow
Two shadow
.....I don’t need
To count them anymore**

**The voices.....radiomen
Report back
To the bunker**

**Despair.....despair
I return fire with hope**

**Kalashnikov whispers
Light up this room**

**In the audio spectrum
There's been a coup**

**In the audio spectrum
The castle has fallen**

I STEPPED ON AN EGG

**Voices
Voices
All over
The room**

**Like a talking
Trash compactor
In a monsoon**

**Or an egg
In a supermarket
Fallen on the floor**

**Teleporting in
From Timbuktu**

**Behaving
Like manic
Old steel
Trash cans
Blowing around in the wind**

**An obstruction
To every
Peaceful citizen**

**On this street
On this paddy wagon beat**

**Voices-crossbows
Fired at
My windows**

**What does it all
Mean**

**.....I think
I forget**

**I stepped
On an egg**

**That was really
A voice
Today**

AUDIO DRIFTING VERTIGO

**Audio
Drifting
Vertigo
The voices gang's all here**

**Getting chatty
With
The chattering orchestra**

**How many desert.....
Cactus does it take
Does it take
To fill a room
With this many.....
Or this much.....
Hazards of trespass**

**Go follow
The scent
Of the smoke stack
I say
.....but they do not listen**

**Or they should go
To Bermuda
And disappear
In that lovely triangle
I've heard so much about**

**That would be a daydream come true
A night dream come true**

**A thousand
Radioactive
Barrels of waste
Is what I compare
It all to**

**I just want it all gone
On the next German Zeppelin
Out of town**

**Let it all go
Out to sea**

**And find the Azores
As they please**

IN MY FORTRESS.....I AM STOIC

**The voices
Have fortified
They lob voice
With voice catapults
Of voice**

**They wheel in
Siege towers
Of voice**

**And with voice
They wage
A hundred years war
In one night**

**In my fortress
I am stoic**

**I shall not
Be deprived
Of my moon**

**Its wonderous
Memory
Of who I am**

**Beneath these cuts
And wounds**

**My pen
Is my sword
And with it
I can escape
To poetry of islands
Upon seas
Where breezes
Are cool and silent**

**I can escape
To a world
True to my visions**

**And not this one
Overrun
By voices Divisions**

**Air born
They drop in
From the ceiling**

**Under siege
By the voices**

**In my fortress
I am stoic**

THIS AIN'T DOVER

**Voices
Following me around
Like a bad hangover**

This ain't Dover

This ain't Wilmington

**Or Philly
Or Mercer County.....
Way back when**

**This is Jersey winter
Tonight**

**Voices calling out
To the walls
In cryptograms
Warped
Probed
And flown**

**They don't seem
To have much else
To do**

**Some of them await outside
And transmit
To the asteroid belt
.....or so they say**

**Others stay inside
And stampede the air**

Microwave solitude

**I didn't bring it
But it was sought**

**John Dee.....
Angelic language thought**

**What a coastal
Meeting
Of worlds**

**Though I'll give it
All back to the sea**

**Gladly give it all
To the sea**

RADIO FREE PLANET EARTH

**These voices
Are becoming appallingly.....appalling**

**Saying such things
I would dump
In the trash**

**Night here
Will fall soon
It's another day
Behind the perimeter**

**The stars
May be out
Tonight**

**Or they
May not**

**I will tune in to
Radio Free Planet Earth**

And dream about

The quiet land

NEGATIVE EARTHBOUND VOICES

**Negative
Earthbound voices**

**All around
In the city square
On the balcony
Under roofs
With you
As you devour
Televised night life**

**The impossible for some
Is here.....it's real**

**Some come when called
At spirit box seances
Doors open and close
But some doors never close**

**UFOs.....would they be in there to
I've heard that**

**I wouldn't be surprised.....
If that were the case**

**They have seen
Everyone's face**

**Dossier's compiled
They knew the Stassi well**

**A portable microphone
Could get you
Five minutes of Hell**

**Or five years
Or fifteen
Or thirty-five**

**Reels of tape
Bring back
The fall of Babylon**

**How do I escape
How do I breathe free air**

**Nineteen hundred seventy-five
I wasn't yet alive
But they were here**

**And much longer
Before that**

**They were here
Planning earthquakes
Of the mind**

WHAT A DAY

**Guru bent the knee
It seems
And let the audio beams
Into her head**

**Now nothing but a puppet
Of the audio national crime syndicate**

**When will the night.....
Breathe its mist
And shroud these woes**

**It could drive one to drink
But I have to think
Of these old bones**

**What a day
Most grey**

**A million cars
Out on the road**

**The city sleeps
The city lives**

The electricity flows

The streetlights glow

LURKING

voices
lurking tonight
no moon
no stars
just rain

voices lurking
into.....out of.....inside
my ears

audio artillery barrage

I missed the setting Sun

Another day
In a glass jar

Voices patrols
Have sought me out

Here I am
At 1am

Lightning bolts gone
Since the summer's end

No break in the cadence
Actually.....no cadence at all

No rhyme
Only voices climbing down
Astral vines

Will it end
Before 2am

Voices and marijuana didn't happen

**Voices and EVP did
Paranormal research self-implosion**

**I must not have known
The best way
To open doors**

**Time stands in stone
Like a victim of Medusa**

**Stones and moans
Groans and bones
Of invisible unknowns
In the ether**

Of the December night this is

**Street lights
Can not replace the moon
So I've remembered
So I've remembered**

VOICES FROM THE REFRIGERATOR

Voices

Voices

From the refrigerator

I couldn't make

This shit up

It couldn't be an illusion

Not this time

Nor the last.....nor the last

This ain't no blast

It's a crime against nature

The damn refrigerator

Like some portal

Down the rabbit hole

Oz

Wonderland

Blended together

Then processed through.....1984

This Big Brother doesn't want you sleeping

I don't feel like eating

Not anymore

I won't go to that door

The refrigerator

The talking refrigerator

I KNOW IT'S LATE

**Psych guru
Spewing propaganda
That the mind
Is a veranda
Is a mirror
Is a door
To let within
The audio conspiracy**

**The voices
Come out of the sky
And hit the ground
With a shock wave of hate**

**Don't buy it
Don't believe it
Ignore it
And it will dissipate**

**I know it's late
A salute to all
Behind this wall**

AUDIO SERPENTS.....CLOUDY NIGHT

**These audio serpents delight
Tonight
Cloudy.....rainy
A smog of fumes
Audio balloons set free
Then drift across the room
And emit.....
Audio spoons and forks**

**That's right
It's just abstract
And broken noise**

**Unseen teleprompters
Are hidden in these walls**

**Fill me full of stars
From here they don't seem
To have audio iron curtains**

**Demarcations.....
Of east and west**

**Audio tank traps
In my garden**

**Audio Checkpoint Charlies
At my front and back door**

**Free me
Release me
I want excess
Of capitalized silence**

**Such a sweet.....
Divine silence
Drifting off of mountain tops**

**Audio inspectors
Ask to see my papers**

**In cyberspace
Things constantly become reinvented
Torn asunder
And built up again
Into new amazements**

WIRED INTO.....

**The voices sound
Like microphones
Wired into
Windmills
Windmills wired into
The Jet Propulsion Laboratory
The Laboratory wired into
Vocals without body
Speech without virtue**

**What
They
Say
Is
All
A
Pile
Of
Manure
Anyway**

**That's right
It is**

**And I'm not sure
What can be found**

**Perhaps Ziggurats
Underground**

VOICES IN THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT

**Voices
In the absence of light
.....longest night
The grandfather clock.....
Tranquilized**

**Voices
At the end of the room**

**Too soon to tell
What trickery's will brew**

**Down
In that deep
Dark.....cauldron again**

Eye of.....something

**They'll pretend
It's a voodoo hex**

Like an ocean of dimensional noise

Moonlit sophistry

**A sinister coiling
An opaque night**

**Dance with the feather
To the bed
Behold your Inquisition
The hours are apocalyptic**

**And what is left
Is the noise**

The voices

**Speaking abruptly
In iambic pentameter
Mortar fire**

**Bliss split apart
In sub-atomic
Radio burst**

**The moon is full
Of silhouettes**

**The spiritual discovery
Was a room full of obelisk**

Forged with voices

A desecration of geometry

VOICES OVERTAKING

Early morning oppression

What the hell

What the hell

Voices overtaking

At last I fell

At last I fell

To insomnia

Not a damn word

Had a purpose

Except to sting

Shadows on the walls

Feed this affliction

The bells

Were quiet and forgotten

What the hell

Armed with midnight.....

Nation-state status

I sought to repel

But the voices overtook

What the hell

PROTO-VOICES

Proto-voices

Quasi-voices

Armchair voices

Arch-nemesis voices

Voices polluting the morning

Smoke stacks

Of carbon voices

Chain reaction voices

Choices were made

Not all good

The past is the past

Electric islands

Of serenity

Where are you now

Proto-voices

Getting loud

Time is like

A pendulum tonight

The pit

And the sawdust

A floor

Of cigarette ash

No armada please

Unless it's our Queen's

**Let's go
The movie's over**

**Given time
To awake in sleep
And the silence cascading
From the crescent moon**

GURU.....GURU.....

**Look at that.....
Bright guru there
In cyberspace.....floating
Full of hot air**

**Making email decrees
That the mysteries
Of the Universe are solved**

**But you'll never know
What this means
You Plebeians of the streets**

**Guru
Guru
A self-proclaimed Sun Queen**

**Any fissure of the mind
This guru can fix it**

**Guru
Guru**

**Far across the ocean
For whom no blasphemy exist**

**And everything
Is a psychological paradigm**

**And mirrors
Reflecting yourself
Blown out of your ears**

**Guru
Guru**

Touch and go

With social media communiques

High in your tower

Unaware

That a stealthy guru complex

Has taken over

MY EXPLANATION

**Buy my explanation
Don't get lost in hesitation**

**Come wander down
.....and then up
To the castle of clouds**

**There is an isle
For each of us**

Remember this

**For each of us
Out in the sea
That has always been
Itself**

**But my island
Is the truth**

**Make your way
Past shipwrecks
That have gone before**

And have washed ashore

Upon my very island

IT'S LATE

**It's late
I can't sleep
The voices
Are on the march
They turned up their radio noise
It could be Wagner
Blaring through a tunnel
Being shredded into eternal wind**

**It could be a voice
From another universe
Growing like a weed on the floor
In my home
My door is closed
But theirs is just opening**

**What have I to see
.....nothing
These walls are the same**

**But these voices
.....these voices
Are like an amphetamine binge
Jacked up on fatal desert landscapes
And Holland.....wind mill.....marijuana
Hallucinations received
With open arms
Wind power feeding
The televised awakening
By the time that you tune in
The voices are already in your garage
In your cellar
On top of your roof
Commandeering your satellite dish
And signaling to voices
In Antarctic submarine bases
The crew has gone ashore**

**To drink beer
And forget about
.....atomic bombs.....atomic war**

**Only old bureaucrats
On both sides will survive
As they inflate screens full of digits**

**All alone
All alone**

The sidewinders are inbound

**What have I been shown
Hermes collision with a wall**

**Up the road
And around the bend**

**Stints of minaret service
Composed of air
And electrified voice**

ASTRAL DREAM WARS

**Last night
The voices
Opened portal doors
And came through
Looking to incite.....
Astral wars**

**They captured me
For a time
On the outskirts of a dream**

**I was beaten
.....harassed
But never screamed**

**A dream
As if reflected in a mirror
Of a strange clarity
So clear that I could see
Through the vapors of ages
I could see clear through
To the isle temples
Where thoughts fuse with stone**

Yet I was not alone

**My pursuers were there
Their militant flags unfurled
Tattered from dark receptions
Upon astral fields of Mars**

**With fixed bayonets
Drum rolls
And only blackness for eyes**

**In formations
They advanced
Until the gate was seized**

**And then voices
Surged through the door
Through the floor
Out of air**

**They filled the night
With shredded operas
Twisted and weaponized**

**I gave them volley after volley
Of musketry stoicized**

**But they proceeded
With a machine gun cacophony
The rounds voiced to precise millimeter
Establishing fire patterns
In audio crosshairs**

**Triangulations of Hadean speech
Shot into my ears
Words of dark etheric mask**

**A naval star shell flare lit the darkness.....
And then imploded out of this dimension
A moonlit barrage
Echoed through misted chambers
As ancient as Parnassus**

**Voiced arrows
Shot from balconies of cobweb**

**Fire ships approached
From a lunar sea**

**Zeppelins breached the windows
With sharp fragments of crystal**

**The night was long
Its news sent out by telegraph
To North Atlantic vessels**

**Where mariners lit their pipes
Against the sea wind
A mystical reckoning of nautical charts
A nexus of etheric ocean revealed
And the flaming beacon of Andromeda seen**

NOISE OF THE NIGHT

**The tyrants speak
Poisoned words
Darkness filling the air**

**What about
Their own minds
Blackholes
No light escapes**

**No moon
Dark sky
Tonight.....
They throw lies
From down the hall**

**Voices and omens
Omens and voices
Tied to a balloon
Let loose in my living room**

**Tonight they speak
Of no great importance
It's noise of the night
O' if light
Would only drown them
And cast them to Poseidon**

THIS MORNING

**This morning
Left last night
On the floor**

**The voices
Seem bored
And so they powered up
Their voice distortion modules**

**They fill my room
With a symphony
Of stinging audio.....
Inter-dimensional noise**

**I ended up
Getting marooned
When I went over
To the other side's
Mid-way point**

**Now all the glass furniture
In Spain
Wouldn't make me anymore insane
Or any less**

**Or is it the tidal pull
Of the moon
Does werewolf affliction
Come about so soon**

LAST NIGHT'S LINGERING HAZE

**What a shitty night
Last night
Voices marauders
Impaled my sleep
They hooked up
Their wires and tubing
So that voices
Would go into my dreamland
Wake me from dreamland
Forsake me.....from dreamland**

**I really need
To fortify my dreamland
With barbed wire
Cannons
And henchmen for hire**

**Last night
Was a choked out
Display of sleep**

**At the time
I wanted revenge
I guess now
It all depends**

**On this fog
In my mind
Clearing away**

**Oh crap
It's a cloudy day
This is more conducive
To fog in the mind**

**I hope it will clear away soon
I don't have room in there**

**I need to make
Many preparations
For many sacrificed hours of rest**

**That far bright star
I thought I saw last night
Was just a glare
From the street light
Across the way
In that other world
Of voiceless night and day**

DOWN BY THE MOAT

**The voices are moving
Making speeches
And proclamations
To glorify their illusions
Of vanity**

**In nineteen something.....
.....and whatever year it was they said**

**I fell asleep
While being awake
And they kept talking
Like a cryptogram**

**No time for their propaganda
Their mind games of Hades**

**The sky is dark
So let it begin**

**The night's festival
Of shattering**

**The voices
Cattle prod the serene stillness**

**They intend
For fascist boots
To click and clack**

**Down by the moat
I contemplate
If they can float**

**I know it's a remote
Improbable.....means of escape
But if they follow**

May they sink and be silenced

THE VOICES ARE STRAFING

**The voices are strafing
My sunny afternoon
A damn drag
They don't shut up
Is there nothing else to them.....
.....or just voice?**

**Voices
Drenched in voice**

**Do they have such a choice?
Voices.....
Voices....
Marooned within a voice**

**Do they reflect
In astral mirrors?**

**Do they sing
In the astral rain?**

**Voices marooned
On astral islands**

**Voices in the Poconos
Of astral mountains**

**Do they hear themselves?
A total cacophony
Of babel**

**Do they hear voices
From the moon?**

**I simply wonder
Sometimes**

**It's not
That I'm trying
To say anything.....really**

**I'm just pondering things
In the afternoon
Such a sunny afternoon**

Strafed by voices

ONE IN THE MORNING

The voices
Won't let me sleep
No surprise
No sleep
One in the morning
This is getting deep
In aggravating circumstances
Just took a fourth dose of sleep-aid
Must sleep
Must have
Lights out.....knocked out peace

It's like the walls can speak
But I know it's not the walls
It's someone.....something else
With no code of decency
As far as I can see

One in the morning
The voices are on the loose
They're coming through
The heater noise
White noise
This really annoys.....
Me.....at one in the morning

Just hoping to get some sleep
Deep sleep
Nothingness sleep
Not aware of anything sleep
No audio sleep
No audio noise
Through white noise
They love to speak

One in the morning
But I didn't hear a chime

I'm just doing time

The voices have passed the sentence

**No sleep
No peaceful sleep
No deep.....dark
Sleep of bliss
Silent bliss**

**None of that
For now**

**I don't know how
But I'll get there yet
On that you can bet**

**So yeah
It's one in the morning
And I'm still awake
With these damn voices around**

**All around
They surround
And chatter away
With nothing pleasant to say**

**It's all lies
Attempts at lies
And finally lies again**

**No sleep has come yet
Soon it will be one o' five
But I'm still alive
And I'm pissed off as hell
Though you couldn't tell
I vent with this pen**

**I'll write them a note
That I hope they choke
Then mail it first class**

**With a little note
To shove this up your @&%**

**It's one in the morning
But I'm not really sure
If it feels like morning**

**It feels like I'm adrift
In the night
But I won't flee
I'll fight.....tonight
And then again
And then again**

**Until I sleep
Without this ruckus and riot
When I know such a quiet.....
Serenity of rest**

THEY VIOLATE OUR DREAMS

**At dawn
Strange fissures of light
And strange disturbances
Gather on the parade ground
And amass in formations
The sky is grey
Concealing only fleetingly
A star**

**They commence their march
The storm troops
Of the bladed voice**

**Their mysterious radio noises.....
Propagate**

**This morning to me
Was a liberated island
In the canal
Yet now they overtake**

**Their sentinels perched
On every telephone pole**

**Their propaganda microphones
Belch out dim speeches
As empty as air**

**O' to be without a care
In a serene place.....distant....quiet
They will have nothing for us
But dreams injected with horrors**

**O' yes.....they violate our dreams
They operate in our dreams
They shine their tyrant's insignia in our dreams
They conduct book burning rallies in our dreams**

**They beat their drums of goose stepping in our dreams
They unveil their V-2 rockets in our dreams
They build monuments to their own vanity in our dreams
They often blitzkrieg our dreams
.....they stuka our dreams**

**They leave our dreams burning
In black and white news reels**

SPIRIT ATTACHMENTS VOICED

**The voices creep in
Like invisible boom boxes
All night blaring
Their anti-jazz lingo
Fanged words
Fanged cacophonies
Spiritous attachments voiced
Negative as in
The Sun gone dark
Over the Equator**

**I have heard
Their manifesto
And it seems
Like an opera of oppression**

**To navigate the moon
Tonight
In a dream
Would be bright**

**Yet I collide
With their banner men
With dark stones for eyes**

**Who can remember
The awakening
Of the new hemisphere**

**I have heard
These voices again
Fifteen minutes past ten**

**They have crawled
Through the walls
And set up trajectories
And vantage points
Near every light bulb**

**The voices are setting up
Clandestine
Printing presses
At the moment**

**They are laying trip wire
And establishing a perimeter**

**They have bolted
An oversized phonograph to the floor**

**From which they will proceed
To play records
Of their favorite fascist quartets**

THE DESERT WITHIN

**Fragments of mind
Blown around
In the wind
At this desert within**

**The voices seem charged
Like Tesla coils
Like lightning bolts
Of riddles and lies**

**I find it hard
To visualize
This monsoon
Of directed weaponized speech**

**The coordinates entered
The weapon is released
The weapon descends
In the audio spectrum**

**With what have I to defend
I improvise
And find tactics to blend
And wage underground opposition**

**This conflict spends
My strength some days
And the haze settles in
And I withdrawal to my cave within
And wait out the wind

PREDAWN VOICES ATTACK

**Voices sapper units
Blew through the compound walls
My transient dream
Riddled with meaningless chatter
The night's ebbing of serene reflection has stalled
The voices have taken over
The upstairs floor
So it is
So it was
So it will be tomorrow evening
With vast minefields of chatter explosions
I have returned fire
With slander and sass-talk
The voices keep refilling their ranks
Somewhere is silent
So I will continue the search
Audio shelling has resumed
I will head down to the shelter now
Voices perimeter guards
Have established checkpoints
No one in or out
Without mentally becoming entangled
By the voices
No one in or out
The dawn's light
Will reveal a chaotic scene**

MONITOR VOICES

**Monitor voices
Set out from the electric hive
They have taken up their stations
One in my living room
Left side.....near my display case
Another.....down the hallway
In my bedroom
Right side.....and sounding closer to the floor**

**These monitor voices
Have tapped in
To telepathic emissions**

**I suspect they are monitoring
For seditious prose thought**

**They will inject
Fragmented disturbance speech
Into the stream of consciousness rumination**

**They seek to root out and destroy
Sparks of independent perception**

**They are recording
Analyzing
Categorizing
Cataloging
Registering
Disseminating
Archiving**

**Thought content
For response action purposes
That will best serve
The aspirations of their dystopia**

**They utilize telepathy transmissions
Back to their command stations**

**They await directives
They remain hidden
Invisible to our lines of sight
Though there are occasional incidents of discovery**

**They are near us
With us
Infiltrated
Clandestine and operational
Potentially with everyone
At all times
Without them knowing
That their minds
Are like movie projectors
In countless cinemas
Of a shrouded world**
